He copied pictures from old postcards onto envelopes and napkins from Shagburger O'Shaughnessy's and presented them to his Social Workers.

He sold Post Cards on Thing Street.

He said the Louvre was Thing Street Asylum.

The locomotive at the Gare du Nord was the furnace.

The Eiffel Tower was the water closet....

Butch became delusional. He suffered from delusions of grandeur. He grew insanely jealous of everyone, but especially of Porko and his job at Emile Durkheim House. In his narcosis he convinced himself. Hearse-Ferrari had initially offered him the position....

Medical Superintendent of Emile Durkheim's Twinned Tower....

Despite his Lived Experience, he turned it down....

Compassionate grounds....

Ethical considerations....

He threatened to stop doing Grand Rounds on weekends. The cure rate would plummet, so would the crime rate....

Johnny knew the Grand Rounds were just an excuse for casing out the joint. His idea of security was knocking on everybody's door to see who was home. If anyone answered, he solicited him for a donation. If nobody answered, he broke the lock. Then he thoughtfully opened all the fire-doors, for floozies desperate enough to enter and share themselves, with him and Bruce.

Jah Lo See picked the Social Workers' garbage, looking for the dregs of their delicious lattes.

She had no idea what her drawings were doing there, but she recognized Butch's clumsy daub of the Paris Opera as the Emergency Department of Thing Street Asylum.

Where she'd attended many an Opening Night Gala....

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